

THE STUDY CHRONICLE.



MIDSUMMER 1950



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The Study

SEAFORTH AVENUE, MONTREAL



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Sub-Head Joan Cumine

Games Captain Efa Heward

Prefects

Gerda Thomas

Virginia Govier

Jean Cumine

Sandrea Ogilvie

MIDSUMMER, NINETEEN FIFTY



UPPER and MIDDLE SCHOOLS

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McGill University.

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in History, Ontario College of Education.

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Toronto Conservatory of Music.

MISS SUZANNE BUTLER *Upper B*
British Columbia Teachers' Certificate.

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Teacher's Diploma, Manc.

MRS. J. G. DESTERNES *French*
B. of Ed. Certificate (Portsmouth Training College,
University of Reading) M.R.S.T.

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Higher Certificate, National Froebel Union.

MME GAUDION *French*
Brevet Superieur, l'Université de Lille.

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Nova Scotia Primary Certificate.

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Acadia University.

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MISS ETHEL SEATH *Art*
Member of the Canadian Group of Painters.

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ZOE SOUTHAM

. . . EDITORIAL . . .

One of the most important lessons we learn at the Study is the spirit of co-operation; the ideal of working with others for the good of the House or group not for our own petty ambitions. So much trouble and misery in life could be avoided if this idea were universally accepted. To have been taught this in school is to have been given a treasure to carry with us out into the world; and an ideal to reach in our relations with others and also in national and international affairs. This is the spirit in which the United Nations was conceived and which *must* be carried out if world peace is to be achieved.

Close competition, which means the pitting of child against child, or group against group, or nation against nation, is not a basis upon which to build the future. Competition is apt to lead to selfish ambition and intolerance of the rights of other people.

The will to think of others and their needs and how best to unite our efforts with theirs for constructive action is the soundest basis for the future. We are indeed lucky to be taught this from our first days at school and we should never forget this lesson of co-operation.

PUBLIC SPEAKING AND DEBATING

It was when Miss Arthur was teaching history that the School first became keen about debating and speaking in public. Meetings were conducted according to parliamentary procedure and live questions were hotly argued. Debates lately have been quieter, but we have kept our interest in them.

Last year a Sixth Former, Mary Ann Currie, entered the public-speaking contest which was organized by the Alumnae Society of McGill, and spoke well though she was not placed in the finals.

This year Joan Cumine and Gerda Thomas are our best speakers, and Gerda entered the McGill contest, speaking on Fighting Tuberculosis in Children. She had her subject well in hand, and her clear presentation and earnest manner won her second place in the finals. We all congratulate her on winning the second prize.

UPPER SCHOOL ROLL CALL

MU GAMMA	KAPPA RHO	BETA LAMBDA	DELTA BETA
Gayle Calder (Head)	Gerda Thomas (Head)	Virginia Govier (Head)	Sandra Ogilvie (Head)
Joan Cumine (Sub-Head)	Mary Stavert (Sub-Head)	Judy Thomas (Sub-Head)	Efa Heward (Sub-Head)
Diana Harrison (Games Captain)	Mary Stavert (Games Captain)	Virginia Govier (games Captain)	Efa Heward (Games Captain)
Ann Ballantyne	Joyce Blond	Ann Adair	Cynthia Baird
Susan Blaylock	Barbara Brown	Wendy Andrews	Wilsie Baxter
Fiona Bogert	Barbara Bruce	Beverley Brunner	Mary Bogert
Saundray Bogert	Jeanne Burgess	Diana Daniels	Sally Bradeen
Gail Daley	Angela Cassils	Tish Dawes	Maria Cerny
Judy Darling	Kathleen Cousens	Gwyneth Evans	Joy Davie
Joan Evans	Jane Cushing	Roza Hilf	Diana Gaherty
Jocelyn Gordon	Susan Cushing	Jill Jenkins	Ann Geary
Carol Grimsgaard	Juliana de Kuyper	Denny Lande	Lyn Geddes
Elizabeth Hague	Gail Gnaedinger	Daphne Louson	Audrey Hamilton
Beverley Hastings	Lesley Gray	Susan Marler	Diana Hamilton
Maura Jackson	Anna Guthrie	Elena Mather	Faith Heward
Connie L'Anglais	Anne Hayes	Brydon McCarthy	Joan Kimber
Marguerite L'Anglais	Pat Irvine	Lynette Peake	Judy Lennon
Mary McEachran	Dorothy Johnson	Mikely Quedrue	Linda Melling
Judith McGreevy	Roberta Lohse	Janet Savage	Jill McConnell
Dorothy McIntosh	Beverley Mellen	Joanna Silver	Judy Ogilvie
Sally Parsons	Penny Pasmore	Pat Southam	Phoebe Redpath
Bridget Pyke	Camilla Porteous	Zoe Southam	Grace Richardson
Angela Rose	Ann Powell	Hilary Thomas	Martha Richardson
Jennifer Rose	Sylvia Randall	Wendy Tidmarsh	Margaret Robertson
Pearl Sperber	Susan Starkey	Valerie Trueman	Helga von Eicken
Wendy Stevenson	Stephanie Stern	Jackie Vaughan	Heather Wilson
Elizabeth Vale	Sandra Wallis	Sandra Warner	Diana Wright
Sheila White	Linda Wilson		

LOWER SCHOOL ROLL CALL

Upper A —

Diana Ardagh	Betty Gray	Elspeth McGreevy
Anne Bruce	Anne Hale	Tony Newman
Adie Cassils	Cynthia Hutchins	Susan Paterson
Linda Coristine	Priscilla Kuhner	Linda Redpath
Mary Darling	Betty Longley	Annabella-Mary Square
Carolyne Doyle	Diana Mackay	Sara Thornton
Terry Geddes	Susanne Meagher	Ann Tweedy
Laurel Godwin		

Lower A

Anne Bech-Bruun	Mary Louson	Prudence Pyke
Lyn Carter	Lucinda Lyman	Gael Quedrue
Sherrill Christmas	Sally Meakins	Kate Reed
Diana Covert	Linda Nickerson	Jennifer Trower
Diana Johnson	Elizabeth Price	Wendy Whitehead

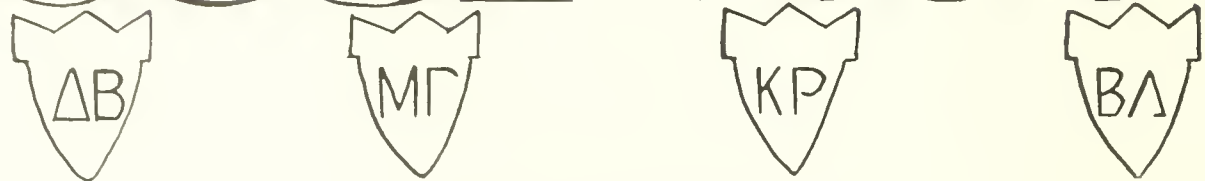
Upper B

Carol Andrews	Colette deLoeschnigg	Dione Newman
Freddie Archer	Mary Joan Francis	Lyn Parish
Jean Cundill	Margaret MacInnes	Sally Porteous
Susan Dawes	Diana McLernon	Moirá Sucharov
Gabrielle deKuyper	Lesley McMartin	Eleanor Tweedy

Lower

Anne Barclay	Anne Johnston	Penny Riley
Monica Campbell	Anna-Marie Mavros	Carolynne Salter
Suzanne Desternes	Martha Meagher	Justine Stern
Janet Gardiner	Susan McArthur	Carolyn Strauss
Carol Godwin	Marcia Paterson	Joanna Thornton
Sandra Herron	Diane Reid	Nancy Windsor
Clare Hoare		

HOUSE NOTES



BETA LAMBDA

Competition between the Houses has been so close this year that both at Christmas and at Easter the last week's totals decided the order in which the Houses placed. We came second both terms, losing at Christmas to Mu Gamma, and at Easter to Kappa Rho.

The House basketball games were played in March, and sad to say we were defeated, but not decisively, by Delta Beta, and we only managed a tie with Mu Gamma. We put up a stiff battle but we could not get into the finals. Our team was as follows:- Judy Thomas, Hilary Thomas and Zoe Southam, all of whom played an excellent game as our defence; our shots were Susan Marler, Lynette Peake, who scored most of the goals, and Virginia Govier, who started off the Mu Gamma--Beta Lambda game by scoring a basket for Mu Gamma, much to her amazement!

We have a good number of new members this year:- Wendy Andrews, Gwyneth Evans, Jill Jenkins, Denny Lande, Joanna Silver, Wendy Tidmarsh, Jackie Vaughan and Roza Hilf. Jackie had to leave us soon after Christmas and Roza joined us in January.

As the school year draws to a close we can look back on it knowing that we have done our best. Good luck in the future, Beta Lambda!

VIRGINIA GOVIER,
JUDY THOMAS.

DELTA BETA

At the first House meeting of the year, Sandra Ogilvie was elected Head of Delta Beta with Efa Heward as Sud-Head and Games Captain. We welcomed six new members; Cynthia Baird, Anne Geary, Wilsie Baxter, Joy Davie, Audrey Hamilton and Heather Wilson. Our school work unfortunately has not managed to put us in first place in either term, as we came last at Christmas and third at Easter! We hope, however, that by the end of this year we can show a better record.

Delta Beta seems to excel more in athletics than in studies, winning the Sports Cup last year and having a number of Delta Betans on the basketball, skiing and tennis teams. In the House basketball games we reached the finals but were beaten by Kappa Rho.

We want to thank our House Mistresses, Madame Gaudion and Miss Moore, for their encouragement to us throughout the school year, and those of us who are leaving, wish the House the best of luck in the future.

SANDREA OGILVIE,
EFA HEWARD.

KAPPA RHO

Kappa Rho has at last covered herself with glory by climbing from the second to last position at Christmas time to the top at Easter! This scholastic victory is worn proudly but uneasily by Kappa Rho as she is not used to it! We hope that by the end of the spring term she will have reason to feel more confident.

Through the grim determination of the basketball team another victory was won by defeating Delta Beta in a very close final match. We had managed to eliminate Mu Gamma from the running in our first game. The players were: Mary Stavert, Beverley Mellen, Dorothy Johnson as shots, and Camilla Porteous, Gerda Thomas, Anne Powell and Angela Cassils as defence.

Miss Harbert and Miss Marshall have patiently and loyally supported us through the year.

Pat Irvine, Jane Cushing, Lesley Gray have joined our ranks this year and greatly contributed to our achievements.

Let us hope that we can meet with some success on Sports Day and at the Swimming and Tennis Meets! Keep trying, Kappa Rho!

GERDA THOMAS,
MARY STAVERT.

MU GAMMA

We were sorry to have to say good-bye to Miss Wallace this year but heartily welcomed Miss Horsfall, who with Miss Bricker helped to promote enthusiasm in the House. We also welcomed Carol Grims-gaard, Bridget Pyke, Wendy Stevenson, Pearl Sperber, Mary McEachran and Gail Dailey. Three of our most promising members, Fiona and Saundry Bogert and Moira Jackson, left to take up their residence in other cities.

Much to the surprise of all, Mu Gamma edged out Beta Lambda by a thin margin of three points to place first in the house totals at Christmas. However we were quite disappointed with the Easter results as the blue and white surrendered its position to Kappa Rho.

Although Mu Gamma tied for third place with Beta Lambda in the basket-ball play-offs, everyone tried their best and there was no lack of team spirit. Those on the team were: Diana Harrison, our House games-captain, who ably managed the squad; Joan Cumine, getting three baskets much to the amusement of all, as it was her first game; Sally Parsons, who made up for her size with her great enthusiasm; Gayle Calder and Joan Evans provided a strong defense with Sheila White and Elizabeth Vale doing their part as shots.

We hope to be well represented in both swimming and tennis in the summer term, and perhaps if we all do our very best we shall do equally as well in our studies.

GAYLE CALDER,
JOAN CUMINE.



SIXTH FORM

Sitting (left to right):—Joan Cumine, Gerda Thomas, Virginia Govier.
Standing (left to right):—Maria Cerny, Sandra Ogilvie, Zoe Southam.

THE STAFF

Several changes have taken place on the staff this year. Teachers whom we had all been fond of have left, and new ones have been welcomed in their place.

The school lost one of its most popular mistresses when Miss Hancox retired after having been with us for many years. Those of us who had the pleasure of being taught by her will never forget her patience, her understanding, or the amusing stories about her cat Marigold.

Another person whom we were sorry to lose was Miss Wallace, our grand Science teacher, and we think Strathcona High School is lucky to have her.

This September Mrs. Desternes temporarily took Miss Hancox' place, but unfortunately for the girls in her classes, she transferred to teach French to the Lower School. In her place we are truly very glad to welcome Miss Crook, whose English lessons we enjoy.

Miss Horsfall, who is taking Miss Wallace's place, is certainly entering school life with zeal. We hope she enjoys it here in Canada.

Miss Butler, Upper B's teacher, has also left us to take an interesting position with the Canadian Clubs in Ottawa. We shall miss her and the amusing plays she wrote and directed, which will long be remembered as a part of our Christmas entertainment.

The Lower School also had to say good-bye to Mrs. Payzant, who now has a child of her own, and to Miss Murchison, who has been recalled to Scotland by family demands.

Mrs. Owen has taken Miss Butler's place this term and is making friends very happily with her form. The Lower School are delighted to welcome back Mrs. Andrews in Mrs. Paysant's place, and to welcome Miss Wray, who is spending her first year in Canada.

MARIA CERNY,
Sixth Form.

STRANGE ENCOUNTER

My family will not believe this story, with the exception of Daddy, and I doubt if you will either, but Daddy said I should write it down, so here it is.

I was climbing the green rolling downs with a fierce sun beating down on my back, and a pleasant sea-breeze coming over the hill, when I heard snatches of the strangest and most beautiful music. It seemed almost sorrowful and fitted beautifully with the distant drone of the sea, and the crickets in the grass. When I reached the top I saw, standing in the wind, a young man. He wore a garment resembling a toga, he was

tall and well built, quite young, with skin browned from years of hard work under the fierce sun which beat down on us now. He gave me the impression of being tireless. In his hands he had a strange harp-like instrument on which he was making the music I had heard on the hill. While I was waiting for him to stop, he turned suddenly and asked what I wanted. Until now I had thought he was playing a joke on somebody, but his voice, commanding but sorrowful, convinced me that he was sincere. Then I asked who he was.

"Thane," was the abrupt answer.

"Thane?" I questioned.

"I'm the chief's youngest son", he said.

I sat down on a stone to think harder, and then I asked him why he was here.

"Ah!" he sighed. "It's a long story but I'll try to shorten it."

He settled himself on the grass and gazing out to sea, he began in a low distant voice.

"I was born here a freeman. Free to hunt in the woods, or ride on the plain. Then one day the Romans came. They came up the bay in their long galley with the bright sails. They defeated us easily as we had no army, and they turned my father out of his house, and lived in it themselves. Soon afterwards we were forced to build the villa over there," and he waved a hand towards the north. "They preached justice but they stole our freedom and murdered my father".

He stopped abruptly here and putting his head on his knees, seemed to be buried in his own dreams.

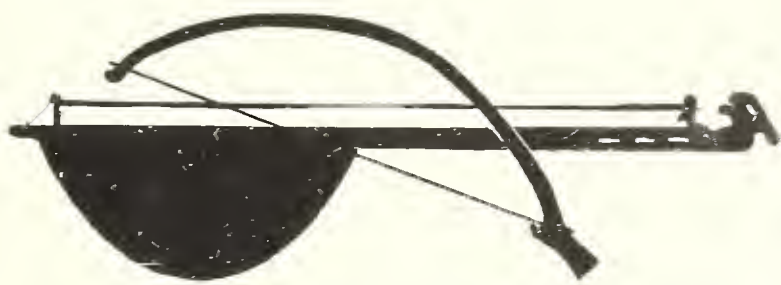
"Is that why you were here making music?", I asked.

"No", he said moodily. "There is more and I will tell you all. The Roman had a daughter, a nice girl, and quite pretty. I fell in love with her, and the first time I ever kissed her, a slave-boy saw us and told the Roman. He flogged me, the coward, He was like a thundercloud, loud, dark, big and rude. When Constantine cried he dragged her into his chariot and galloped off towards the bay. I followed, but when I reached this spot I realized it was hopeless, so I stopped. A little while later a galley sailed out into the sparkling sea, and I could see Constantine on it; and yet those Romans preached justice!"

He started to play again and this time it was like the waves resounding in a great hollow cave. Then it died away until it was like mist moving over the downs. I turned to ask him about his early life but—he was not there, and a white mist was rolling over the downs, yet his music was still in my ears.

"Thane", I called as I leapt to my feet, but the only answer was the distant roar of the sea as it rolled up the shore. As I walked home in the mist I am sure I heard his music, but never again did I see him. I think that if you are lucky you may hear his music some day in the sea, or the mist, or even the wind and the rain, or may be in perfect stillness, but you must believe in him first.

ANNE BALLANTYNE,
Lower V,



MUSIC NOTES

A well planned musical programme in school can be fun for everyone,—for the little tot skipping, and clapping her hands to the rhythm of simple songs, for the fourth former who learns that musical symbols can be read like a fairy story, and indeed for the teen-ager who at the Christmas concert sings “Adeste Fideles” with adoration. Our school music speaks for us when we sing together at the year’s end with a prayer in our hearts, and in our voices “God be with you till we meet again.”

This year under the guidance of Miss Blanchard we have learned to sing many beautiful songs, among them the gay, “Nymphs and Shepherds” by Purcell; Shakespeare’s, “Orpheus with his Lute” set to music by Charles Wood; “The Graceful Swaying Wattle” by Frank Bridge, and several selections from the “Mikado” by Gilbert and Sullivan. These were thoroughly enjoyed by the girls in the Upper School.

At Christmas the girls took part in their annual concert of carols. It was a great success, and Miss Blanchard had reason to feel rewarded for her hard work with us during the term. The Fourth Forms excelled themselves in the singing of “How beautiful are the feet” from the Messiah by Handel, while the Upper School gave an excellent rendering of “La Noel Passée” by the modern English composer, Benjamin Britten.

This year Dr. Wilfrid Pelletier gave a series of lecture-concerts for young Montrealers at the Montreal High School on Saturday mornings. Miss Blanchard thought this was a wonderful opportunity for our students who were interested in music. The girls of the Study therefore joined with the students from many other high schools for this course in music appreciation. Dr. Pelletier taught us among other things the function of each instrument in his orchestra, and showed us how they played together as one voice. He also brought up several young singers from the Metropolitan Opera for these concerts. These talented young people gave a great performance. At the end of each concert Dr. Pelletier held a question period, and also conducted a quiz. These concerts were most interesting and valuable to the young people. We are looking forward to another season of concerts under such a fine musician as Dr. Pelletier.

VALERIE TRUEMAN.

THE WANDERER

The snow was falling thick and fast,
The weary wanderer came home at last,
And sitting beside the fire bright,
He told them stories throughout the night.

Tales of many a wondrous land,
Also of fruitless miles of sand,
And tales of far north he told
Where there are mines of silver and gold.

Tales of Africa where jungles lay,
And ferocious lions stalked their prey,
Tales of places where dinosaurs did roam,
Tales of the ocean with its snow-white foam.

Tales of Switzerland’s beautiful Alps,
Tales of savages who hunt for scalps:
“But home is best”, he said at last,
And settled down to forget the past.

ROZA HILF,
Lower Five,

THE STUDY PIPERS

The Study Pipers have had a very successful year. Classes were held every Saturday morning for the younger members, and on Thursday afternoons for the more advanced pipers. We were very sorry to lose Maura Jackson and Saundray Bogert, very enthusiastic pipers, who moved away from town. Mrs Jackson, who also came to the Saturday morning class, was very reluctant to leave.

The Pipers however were fortunate as Miss Durston, one of the most active members, attended a pipe school in England, and returned in September bringing with her many fresh ideas. Miss Durston also brought back new music which we have enjoyed learning.

The Pipers played at the Christmas concert. In March we were invited to play for the Sunday evening gathering at Erskine and American Church. A group of twelve pipers of all ages went and we played for half an hour. In May we were asked to play for the Soroptimist Club.

During the year we learned among other things, two quartets, "Sally Sweetbread", and a "Rondo", also "Flocks In Pastures Green Abiding" by Bach, and several Welsh Airs.

Every member of the pipe class has had great enjoyment from making, painting, and playing pipes this year. We welcomed the addition of several young pipers and we look forward to a very good class next year.

MARY STAVERT.

TO MADAME

(Who would like to know what we do between games and dinner)

I climb aboard a streetcar at a quarter after four,
I push and fight with all my might to get me through the door,
"Avancer," the conductor calls, "avance en arrière",
I would like to do his bidding but I cannot find a chair.
I clasp a swinging leather strap, with it I swing and sway,
"Peel-Windsor", the conductor shouts and we are on our way.
And now we plunge and jerk and roll, like onions in a sack;
A paper hits me in the face, an ice-skate in the back,
Small children weep, old ladies sleep, the streetcar seems to hum
With people eating peppermints and others chewing gum.
How hot and pushed and squeezed it is, how miserable we are!
But better than Toronto where dogs ride in the car.
Now comes the long and final pull, now Côte des Neiges is past,
"Boulevard Westmount" comes the welcome cry and I am home at last.

CAMILLA PORTEOUS,
Lower V, Age 14.

HUTCHISON ESSAY

(MIDDLE SCHOOL)

POCKET MONEY AND THE WAY IT GOES

When I was young I did not need pocket money. As soon as I went to school my father gave me a little each week, so that if I wanted anything very much I could save up and buy it.

Each two years I get a little more, because there is always a little more to buy.

My shopping rules are: I must think twice before buying anything that I think I'd like, to see if there is anything more worth while to spend my money on.

In summer if I go for a walk in the evening when the sun is not so burning hot, I usually take five cents with me, to buy an ice-cream cone which is most tempting on a hot day.

In winter it is too cold for ice-cream. But even in winter there is something to buy. On some cold days when I am very cold indeed I am tempted to buy a bar of chocolate, but my dentist says I must not eat sweet things.

I have read books at such a rate that I have to buy some myself. Now I have a whole bookshelf crammed with books that I have read once, twice or more.

I like to be able to pay for Christmas and birthday presents.

At Christmas last year I had a look in the stores for some suitable table decorations. All the ones that I saw were far too expensive. At the paint shop I bought two tiny bottles of paint, one red, the other white, and a bottle of clay. At home I made a Santa Claus standing on the step of his carriage, holding in his hand a piece of green string formed like a rein which at the other end was attached to a reindeer whose antlers persisted in falling off, and three tiny trees, and the sweetest little bear standing on his hind legs holding out his paws, the kind of bear I would like to meet. I wanted to make seven more reindeer but couldn't afford to.

It seems as if I never have enough money to buy what I want.

Just now I am saving up for a pair of skates, but I always forget, and spend the money for them on something else.

I wanted to buy an umbrella, but my mother said it was too dangerous for getting into streetcars and buses with, as you might easily give your eye an unexpected poke or jam your fingers in the catch. After several arguments, it was decided that I was not to have an umbrella.

I sometimes wonder whose pocket-money it is!

LESLEY GRAY,
Lower Third.

CLASS PREDICTIONS FOR 1960

In 1960, perish the thought!
We'll be fully grown, with troubles fraught;
There'll be husbands and children, positions and things,
That age or maturity always brings.

Looking over the class, there's the small and the lean,
The short and the tall and the in-between,
There are A's and B's and we ask, if you please,
To believe that we rarely descend to the C's.

Our Judy Lennon, the paper tells,
Is now a star of Sadler's Wells.
To Penny the sick seemed a fitting vocation,
But she lost in the race between love and probation.

Patricia Southam so strong and able,
Methinks now owns a riding stable.
Diana Wright, having men in mind,
We would definitely label the marrying kind.

Martha Richardson has made her decision,
And is now being seen on television.
For Barbara and Susan we can't predict,
But Hilary Thomas is nursing the sick.

In ballet dear Lyn has reached the peak,
And Mary has the notes of the boss all complete.
Gayle Daley on law has firmly decided,
All other vocations has merely derided.

Sally Parsons and Bradeen we don't quite know,
What they will do, or where they will go.
The future of Miss Horsfall, who can tell,
She may have a family, and who knows . . . well?!

BEVERLEY HASTINGS,
Upper IV,

A VISIT TO OTTAWA

This year on March 17th Lower and Middle Fifth went with Miss Bricker and Miss Crook on the long awaited journey to Ottawa to see Parliament in session and or see the Archives and the Mint.

We all had to meet at the Windsor Station at eight o'clock in the morning and after a long train ride we arrived in Ottawa. We were greeted at the station by the press, which made us feel very famous.

As soon as we arrived we had lunch and then went straight to the Archives. There we saw records depicting scenes from Canadian History. There were letters from Champlain to his ministers, communications from Montcalm to the government in France, personal belongings of the Governor-Generals of Canada, and many other things including a great many pictures of historical people or scenes.

From the Archives we went to the Mint where they were making pennies. We were shown each stage of production. We were not given a penny, but at the end of the tour we were able to buy a silver dollar.

Fortunately we were able to sit in on a parliamentary session, and although it was not very heated, it gave us an idea about parliamentary procedure. We left the house of Commons halfway through Mr. Claxton's speech on air defense, and made a tour of the buildings. We were very tired by this time, and Mr. Hoskings and Mr. Corry very kindly gave us some refreshments in the cafeteria before we saw the Senate and the rest of the buildings to complete the tour.

Our day was a wonderful one, and will not be forgotten easily. Our thanks to Miss Bricker who made it so enjoyable for us, and we hope that next year's Lower Fifth will have just as good a time.

JOAN EVANS,
DIANA HARRISON.

GUESTS—WELCOME AND UNWELCOME

Some grown-up guests, it seems to me,
Can prove unwelcome ones to see.
Those who say, "My! How you've grown!"
Cause squiggles to shiver my back-bone.
Others "talk-down" and try to say
Everything in a baby way.
Then there are those who only stare
Past me—as if I were not there.
And there are some who'll say, "Farewell",
Only to turn and chat for a spell.
Half-way in and out of the door,
Oh! I think they're a dreadful bore!
But there are some who are jolly and gay,
And those are the ones I wish would stay.

DOROTHY MCINTOSH,
Lower V,

DRAMATIC NOTES

RJ

To open this year's dramatics the Lower V presented "Will of Stratford". This delightful play gave us a picture of Shakespeare the very human youth and actor, as well as Shakespeare the dramatist. The play offered several good parts, and first mention should go to Helga von Eicken, who played the rôle of Will Shakespeare most imaginatively. Ann Powell played his wife, Ann Hathaway; Camilla Porteous was Judith, his daughter; Dorothy McIntosh was the villager, Dolly, and Elizabeth Vale was Philip Henslowe. Amusing parts were portrayed by Faith Heward, Dorothy Johnson, Mary McEachran, Cynthia Baird, Grace Richardson, Ann Adair, Judy McGreevy and Ann Ballantyne. Joyce Blond was the fiddler.

As usual at Christmas the Lower School gave their party. The Upper B amused us with the play "Busy Street", and their cast was enlivened by a little dog. "The Origin of Christmas" by Lower and Upper A enlightened us on many old Christmas traditions.

To close the Easter Term we were presented with "Archibald" by Upper IV. Penny Pasmore was excellent as Archibald's admiring sister, Midge. We saw a funny comedy in which there were no less than three Archibalds! The real Archibald was Sally Parsons who created quite a sensation as she looked a typical schoolboy.

We are looking forward to the Upper III's annual play this term.

Thanks are due to Miss Seath whose art class was responsible for the very effective settings of these plays.

Mrs. Desternes and Miss Crook directed the Lower V and Upper IV productions, and we should like to thank them for two successful plays.

CAMILLA PORTEOUS,
ELIZABETH VALE.

CHORES I HATE

I don't want to wash up those dishes,
Why can't she? The delicate dear,
I suppose, has a cold in her nose,
And no one will help me in here.

Oh, horrors! it's our "changing sheet" day,
This silver needs polishing too;
Then that sixteen-lined magazine poem—
The joys of a schoolgirl are few.

I hate being a sweet little hostess,
To me this chore is not dear;
And when one's guests are bidden good-bye,
One has to go back to help clear.

So this is my sorrowful tale,
Our lives are full of woe:
As I'm not good as a house-keeper,
Back to school I must go.

JUDY OGILVIE,
Lower Fourth.



EXERCISE SWEET BRIAR



Art has always been, and will always be, one of the most popular and interesting school subjects. The children begin their drawing in the Lower School, where they learn to develop colour sense and technique. This year, besides painting with poster paints, they have done modelling and made puppets.

The art students have enlivened the hall on different occasions. For the sale Judy McGreevy painted a most attractive mural of Harvesting, which made a delightful background to the fruit and flower stall.

At Christmas we modelled a crèche showing the Holy Family and shepherds, and even including a camel. Along the wall behind the crèche was a mural painted by Sandra Ogilvie and Judy McGreevy. It was of a procession of Wise Men, and we hope to continue this mural along the other three walls next year. At the end of the Christmas and Easter terms the hall looked very festive, hung with pictures painted by the older and younger girls.

The art students also designed the scenery for this year's plays. Judy McGreevy's Picasso, which hung over the fireplace in "Archibald", was admired by everyone.

There are quite a number of girls who will take their Art Matric this year or next, and we thank Miss Seath for her help and encouragement to us. Those who took it last year did very well indeed and I hope that Miss Seath's hard work will bring her as good results in the future.

SANDREA OGILVIE.



A TRIP UP THE AMAZON RIVER

After nearly two years in the beautiful city of Rio de Janeiro, where I was a member of the Canadian Embassy staff, I was anxious to find out more about the vast country of Brazil, the personality of which, as in the cases of almost every land in the world, is not mirrored in its capital. A trip up the mighty and mysterious Amazon, which I had seen en route by air to Rio, writhing like a monstrous brown snake through the green jungle below me, seemed like as good a way to begin as any. I found, in the person of one of the girls at the American Embassy, a companion as eager for the journey as I.

Finally, on a day in July, 1948 Eleanor and I stood on the deck of the "Poconé" alternately watching the fading shoreline of Rio, with its well known landmarks, the Sugar Loaf and the Corcovado on the summit of which stands the lifelike figure of Christ, His feet wreathed in clouds and His hands stretched over the city in perpetual blessing, and eyeing with interest, and in some cases, not a little wonder, the motley mass of humanity on the third class deck below us.

Crowded below deck, the women were in one large dormitory-like space and the men in another, sleeping in three-decker wooden bunks with straw mattresses or in their own hammocks which they slung side by side from hooks provided for the purpose. They lined up on the deck at meal-times to receive their portions of rice and black beans (the Brazilian poor man's staple diet). At all other times the women remained seated on their bunks,

occupied with their delicate lace-work or just puffing vacantly at clay pipes. The men, however, spent their time on deck and at night the wonderful rhythm of the samba, produced with perhaps only match-boxes and rudely constructed instruments, or the plaintive sound of the guitar accompanied by ballads would float up to us. These people, for the most part unable to read or write, find their diversion in music and dancing.

Bahia and Fortaleza were our two favourite ports of call. Bahia, built on two levels, with the modern residential district reached by elevator from the old harbour section below, was a centre of slave trading in the old days and many houses still have subterranean passages leading to the docks, through which the slaves from Africa were smuggled. The descendants of these slaves make up a large part of Bahia's population, and the negro "Baiana" women in their many and varicoloured skirts, their glittering accumulation of rings, necklaces and bracelets in which can be seen the sparkle of many a real aquamarine, amethyst or topaz, are a fascinating sight. We wandered up and down the narrow cobble-stone streets lined with a crazy quilt pattern of houses of irregular height and various pastel hues. We visited a few of the Roman Catholic churches for which Bahia is justly famous. Almost Moorish in exterior design, their interior magnificence takes one's breath away. In one church we were shown an effigy of Christ after He had been taken down from the cross, and His wounds, marked out with rubies, seemed actually to be shedding living blood. We heard, too, fascinating tales of the men who did so much of the wood carving in Bahia's churches, the "Little Cripple" as he was known, who, suffering from leprosy, bade his slaves bind implements to his hands even after he had lost his fingers, in order that he might be able to complete his work.

Fortaleza is the home of exquisite lace and embroidery work, and we watched some of the women, seated outside their thatch-roofed mud houses, working in the brilliant sunshine on the blouses and tablecloths and other fine articles which are said, after some years, to cause many of them to lose their sight. A South American market is always an interesting sight but the one in Fortaleza was one of the most fascinating we saw and we spent much time there, wandering among the stalls, where monkeys, bright-plumaged parrots, luscious tropical fruits and finest hand-made garments were displayed by shrill-voiced vendors who vied with each other in trying to catch the visitor's attention and obtain the highest price for their wares.

In some ways the Amazon was not quite what we had expected. It is a vast body of water but sometimes, passing stretches of red-leaved peanut trees, for instance, I could imagine myself on our own St. Lawrence river in Autumn. That is because, only by piercing the close-knit jungle along the shores with binoculars could we catch a glimpse of a flashing parrot wing, and the chattering monkeys and wild Indian tribes which we had imagined have long ago been driven, by the constant river traffic, many miles into the heart of the jungle. We went ashore a few times, in row-boats, to various small towns on the River, where we created quite a sensation among the inhabitants.

We arrived in Manaus, the end of our journey by ship, at 5 a.m. The city itself disappointed us—it is not so very different from any other city, though, when you think of it, it is amazing to find so large and well developed a place one thousand two hundred miles up the savage Amazon. We were struck by that as we stood on the top deck of the ship watching the last part of our progress. We got up early that last morning on board, as just before one reaches the city of Manaus, which is really situated on the River Negro, that river joins the Amazon, and the meeting is something which should not be missed. The muddy brown waters of the Amazon meet, but do not blend with, the sinister black Negro, making a startlingly well defined line as the two continue to flow side by side, but each retaining its separate identity. And then, not long afterwards, after so many days and miles of vast and lonely jungle, one rounds a bend in the river, and there spread out before one's eyes almost like a mirage is the city of Manaus. The main thing to see there is the Theatre, which was built in the days of the rubber boom, with materials all imported from Spain and Portugal, and cost more than the Paris Opera House to construct. In those days when Manaus basked in prosperity and glory the finest Italian companies journeyed up the Amazon to perform there, but today, like the rest of the city the Theatre is badly cared for and slowly decaying. The whole city gives that sad impression of decadence and faded splendour.

We left Manaus in a "Catalina" on the last lap of our journey. The agent who sold us our air tickets assured us that he had prepared the people of Porto Velho for our arrival. And he certainly had! After four hours of rough and frightening flight we finally touched down on the Madeira River at Porto Velho, almost too tired and ill to climb the long flight of wooden steps leading up from the water. We were met by a group of the town's leading citizens, including the Editor of its own paper and the President of the local branch of the Bank of Brazil, who informed us, after a few minutes of formal exchange of greetings and conversation, all in Portuguese, of course, that we were to be the guests of the Governor of the Territory, who had turned over to us his Governmental Palace during our visit. As in recent years the few outsiders, both Brazilian and foreign, who have come to that part of the country have been on some official mission his kind of people were not to be convinced that we were humble Embassy personnel on holiday. They continued to assume that we were not only important people, but also collecting material to write a book. For the four days of our stay there we occupied the front page of the local newspaper and took up the time of the town's most prominent citizens.

I should like to mention here three of our most outstanding experiences in Porto Velho. The Governor's Secretary happened to mention that there is a celebration of maxumba (a semi-pagan form of worship brought to Brazil by the African slaves) around Porto Velho every Saturday night, so Eleanor and I begged her to take us to one. She was able to obtain for us an entrée to rites which few outsiders are permitted to see. I shall never forget the dimly lit interior of that little hut out in the country; the savage, continuous rhythm of the drums; the wild, fanatic dancing of the black worshipers, who shuffled dully around the floor for a while until a spirit entered them, whereupon one after the other began to dance with frantic energy, performing wonderful gymnastics and crying out the words of the spirit within them, which were then taken up by the onlookers and translated into a kind of song. We wished for a machine with which to record the spontaneous, strange and powerful music. We were even taken into the "inner sanctum" and introduced to the Pai de Santo, or chief of the ceremony, an Indian with a strangely impressive dignity, dressed in pure white satin garments embroidered in Bahia, the centre of Macumba.

The second notable incident was this: A full programme had been arranged for us during our four-day stay in Porto Velho and on Sunday morning while out driving with the town's leading merchant, he suddenly said, "Oh, we have to be at the International Club at eleven." No one had bothered to explain to us why we were going to the Club, and fortunately, it being Sunday, we had worn best dresses, though we had thought we were merely going to inspect the place. Inside we found most of Porto Velho's inhabitants assembled for the Brazilian idea of that gathering so dear to North American's hearts—a cocktail party. We were led to the head of one of the long white covered tables, and I was too filled with amazement at all this to do much wondering at the reason for the party. But no sooner were we seated than some man arose and like all Brazilians, who are born. I am sure, equipped to make impromptu and magnificent speeches, proceeded for fifteen minutes to eulogize the "two charming American journalists". Eleanor, who was sitting on the speaker's other side, not understanding a word of what was being said, leant around him once to whisper to me, "What's it all about?", to which I replied sternly, lest I laugh, "Us". When he sat down there was great applause and then a horrible silence while everyone looked expectantly at us. Eleanor whispered again, "Marge, I guess . . .", whereupon I stumbled to my feet and said, in Portuguese, I don't honestly remember what, but at least it drew generous and loud applause, unless that noise I heard was Eleanor clapping!

The third memorable experience was an evening with the Governor and his family. It was our last evening there and we both dreaded another formal affair. I felt I could not stand another occasion upon which I had to act as interpreter. However, it turned out to be a pleasant family dinner with just the Governor, his wife and five children, and two Brazilian guests. After dinner the Governor played the guitar, and his wife and he and the children sang the songs of their country for us. This afforded us another opportunity to appreciate the unsparing and gracious open-heartedness of the Brazilian people, whose courtesy, sense of humour and hospitality to strangers no-one who has experienced them can ever forget.

And so, in four swiftly passing weeks, our wonderful trip had come to an end and we returned by plane to Rio de Janeiro and the gay life of that cosmopolitan city which made what we had seen seem at times almost like a dream.

LOWER SCHOOL

THE BEAVER

Little beaver went splash, splash. They all dived down to get to their home. The fox tried to swim but could not.

NANCY WINDSOR,
Lower B, Age 6.

THE PRINCESS

The princess was in the garden picking flowers. She picked blue violets. She picked some for her father and her mother, her sisters and brothers.

ANN BARCLAY,
Lower B, Age 6.

PUNKINHEAD

Punkinhead is so soft and cuddly I just love him. His turned up nose is so funny. I like his wavy ears.

SALLY PORTEOUS,
Upper B, Age 7.

IN THE SUMMER

I like summer because I can go to the country and crawl through the pipe when the water is not running. I smash coloured rocks and mix them together.

ABIGAIL MACINNES,
Upper B, Age 7.

MY CAT

My cat always sleeps on my bed. I got him from the country. I call him Taxi. He jumps and plays with water. He loves cars.

LESLEY McMARTIN,
Upper B, Age 7.

BY THE BROOK

Down by the brook
I had a look.
I saw a frog
The colour of a log.

GAEL QUEDRUE,
Lower A, Age 8.

FAR AWAY

Down by the sand
In a far away land,
Up in a tree
By the sea,
A little bird sings
With his head under his wings.

SHERRIL CHRISTMAS,
Lower A, Age 7.



LOWER SCHOOL

LOWER SCHOOL

THE HOUSE IN THE WOODS

As Anne walked down the path she came to a dear little house. It was tiny with red roof and shutters. Anne stopped and looked and then she opened the door. In the house was a witch. She was an awful old lady. She lived with the witch until one day she ran away.

LYN CARTER,
Lower A, Age 7.

THE LITTLE MOUSE

Once there was a little mouse,
And he had a little house.
One day this little mouse
Closed up her little house.
Away to market she did go
To buy a fiddle and a bow.

LINDA NICKERSON,
Lower A, Age 8.

SUGARING TIME

Last year, I helped make maple syrup at the farm. Jim and Jerry, the horses, dragged a low sleigh with a big barrel on it through the woods.

Stanislaus collected the buckets full of sap from the trees, and poured the sap into the barrel. I drove the horses.

When the big barrel was full we drove back to the sugar house and poured the sap into a hugh tank which would boil the sap until it was syrup. I loved to put wood on the fire that kept the sap boiling.

ANNE HALE,
Upper A, 8 years old.

MY SIZE

I'm not very tall,
I'm kind of fat,
I'm not so small,
And that is that.

MARY DARLING,
Upper A, 8 years old.

A PICNIC

When I go on a picnic
I have a lot of fun.
I play games in the woods
While I hop, skip and run.
My mother lays the cloth down and
The family gathers all around,
All of us eat and eat
And after that we have a sleep.
The birds in the woods sing a song
And the animals run around
All day long.

LINDA REDPATH,
Upper A, 9 years old.

A DOG SHOW

The big arena is noisy and crowded. It is full of the muffled sounds of people hurrying and dogs moving restlessly, broken by barks; sharp barks, excited barks, complaining bark, aggressive barks and puppy yapping. There is a feeling of expectancy in the air.

In their temporary kennels the carefully groomed dogs are waiting. Here a Great Dane is being led out to exercise, and there a fluffy Pekinese is being brushed and powdered by his fond mistress.

An announcement is made over the loudspeaker. A class is called, and a group of exhibitors with their dogs assemble at a ring entrance. First they lead their entries around the ring at a walk and a trot. The judge notes carefully the gait and the way in which each dog picks up its feet. Then the dogs are ordered to the centre of the ring where each exhibitor gives his entry the command to assume the "stance" position. The judge slowly and methodically examines the feet, coat, teeth and eyes. He also notes the manners. If a dog is well trained it stands motionless during this test. One or two dogs are told to go through their paces again. At last the class is finished and the ribbons are presented. The prize winners are announced to the spectators.

The "Best in Groups" are judged, and then, the "Best in Breeds". The judges spend a great deal of time on the latter, and many become impatient. The finish of this class marks the end of the showing for one day.

Another day passes, and all the "Best in Breed" classes are finished. The winners are awaiting the final judging for "Best in Show."

The arena is made into one vast ring, into which are led six dogs of different breeds, each one seemingly perfect. Each is subjected to the same thorough examination. The judging is long and tedious—again and again the feet of the dogs are picked up, the texture of the coat is tested, and the lips are gently lifted so that the teeth may be seen. As the class progresses the spectators fall silent—an expectant hush lies over the arena. The six dogs are perfectly still. It seems that the judge will never decide as still he squats by the dogs, peering at them from every angle, trying as it were to find a fault. But at long last he rises and goes to the table where he fusses with papers and consults several other judges near at hand. Then he picks up a rosette and a silver cup and motions one of the dogs forward.

"Best in Show...". The loud-speaker booms through the arena. The crowd cheers and cameras click and flash. The Dog Show is over for another year.

MARTHA RICHARDSON,
Upper IV, Age 12.

THE SNOW TREE FROM MY WINDOW

The branches are drooping on the old oak tree,
The snow is the cause of the bending I see.
Its branches were brown but now they're white,
And they glisten and shine in the soft moonlight.
When the wind blows softly the tree gives a shake.
As if the heart within did quake.
Then as the wind dies down once more.
All becomes as it was before.
I love to sit at my window and see
What happens to my favourite tree.

JILL JENKINS,
Lower Third.

TEEN-AGERS: A SERIOUS WORLD PROBLEM

Yes, that is what we seem to be—objects of study, mysterious creatures, unfathomable beings who need constant attention and advice. We seem to have reached that problem age where everything we do causes our parents no end of exasperation and amazement. Books and articles are being written, lectures by professors are being given, and all to find a solution to this unreliable human—the teen-ager.

When you hear all this talk going on, doesn't it worry you, doesn't it make you wonder what is so very wrong with us that wasn't wrong with our parents when they were our age? Well if you listen in some time when your mother and father are reminiscing about the "good old days", you will make an astounding discovery. Amazingly enough, they did the same foolish things, quoted the same meaningless sayings and caused their parents the same amount of worry and frustration. Yes, it was the same in their time and has been the same in every generation before their time—the young folk have always been a big problem.

There is one sure cure though for this disease called teen-age that we are victims of, and that cure is time. Very soon we shall be out of isolation and into that safe stage of life called middle age where the only serious problem confronting us will be that of the next generation of Teen-agers.

JOAN CUMINE,
Form VI.



THE FIRST SNOWFALL

When I jumped out of my bed on Friday last, I went to the window. Snow! Snow! It was every where. Even piled on my window sill. I felt wonderful. I had been waiting for it. There were snow banks that I could jump in when I came home from school. Hurrah! The streets were so full of snow that the cars were struggling to get out everywhere. Then a boy came with a shovel to help dig them out. I had to rush on so as not to be late for school. I wish I could have stayed to watch the fun, however.

GWYNNETH EVANS,
Lower Third.



THE SNOW TREE FROM MY WINDOW

Out of the window

On the tree

The snow lies soft as soft can be

And everywhere before my sight

Is just one scene of snowy white.

Soon the sun will melt snow

And gradually it all will go.

And then one morning to my surprise

Green grass will appear before my
eyes.

DENNY LANDE,
Lower Third.

LETTER FROM PANNIE BARR



In the summer Deirdre and I did a trip round as much of Europe as we could manage on our allowance. We went in a friend's car, with two other people, and lived as cheaply as we could. The only non-essential that we bought was Deirdre's hair cut, as she wanted a genuine Monte Carlo short-cut!!! We started off from Kiel, and first went up to Copenhagen for a few days. Denmark's a lovely country—very clean and scrubbed and prosperous looking. Copenhagen itself was so bright and fresh looking that it didn't seem like a capital at all. I suppose the cleanness of everything was due to there being no factories. The food was terrific—such a lot of it. There were a lot of English tourists in Copenhagen, and I expect that's why! The young Danes are fair and very good-looking.

We went back to Kiel after Denmark, and then started on the main body of our trip, going by southern Germany and Luxembourg to Paris first. Paris was lovely. Unfortunately we were there in a heat spell, which took a little getting used to, but we saw as much as we could. We went to the Louvre and to two wonderful exhibitions which luckily were on then. One was just Gauguin and one was the Impressionists. It was marvellous being able to see the originals of paintings you see prints of everywhere. There were also some lovely ones I'd never seen before. I was very surprised to find the Mona Lisa so different from all the reproductions, and so much lovelier.

After a few days we felt we had to go, as it is a bad place for living cheaply in, so we reluctantly continued the drive. We went down to the Riviera. It got hotter and hotter as we approached. There was a lovely range of high mountains to be crossed before we reached the coast. We couldn't get in anywhere near Grenoble, and so slept that night on a hillside on one side of the Grenoble valley. Seeing the sun coming up next morning and lighting up all the peaks on the other side of the valley was almost worth the very cold night!

The others were disappointed in the Riviera, but I loved it. I had expected it to be completely slick and smart and fashionable, and was so surprised to see the walled villages, and the little fishing harbour, and all the scrubby hills where no-one ever went. The whole air smelt of warm pines. We had wonderful swimming.

After that we went along the coast through Cannes and Nice to Monte Carlo. They were all very gay and lovely towns. The high hills right behind the coast which ran all along were so nice. Watching the people going into the Casino in the evening was quite an experience! Even the men were in sumptuous pink waistcoats, or red sashes, or some gorgeousness.

From Monte Carlo we went to Italy. Milan Cathedral is the loveliest I have ever seen. It is all white and with a very spiky, spiky roof like a great clumps of stalactites (stalagmites!) Infuriatingly, *on* the roof, all among the lovely stone work, was a *Coca Cola stand*.

After Italy we came home via Austria. Austria is my favourite country of all. It was like coming home to hear German spoken again, and so nice to have cool air. There was still snow on the high passes. The scenery in Austria is so large and grand, and has streams and fir woods, which the southern mountains lack. The people are also so charming, like the Danes—always friendly and smiling. In the winter we went down to Austria for the skiing and took our dachshund, who always bites children when they run away from him. He ran down the village street biting all the children, and I rushed after him, imagining the howling to follow, but every single child *laughed*! It wouldn't have happened anywhere but in Austria

It was nice to be home in Kiel again. We still had quite a lot of our allowance left, which proves that you can live very cheaply if you really set your mind to it.

Now is the time of reckoning, when we are all thinking about jobs. On my present pay I won't be going abroad again for about fifty years!



MEMORABLE REMARKS BY THE STAFF

Miss HORSFALL — “I *cannot* talk through this *barrahge*!”

Miss HARVEY — “I think it would be rather fun . . .”

Miss MARSHALL— “Now I think you can do better than that”.

Madame — “With work like this, you will *never* pass your matric.”

Miss HARBERT — “I heard the latest theory about this at a lecture given by Professor X last week . . .”

Miss INDGE — ((Removing her spectacles, placing them on her desk, and *very* carefully leaning against the blackboard) “Girls . . .”

Miss MACDONALD “You just sit there and *work* it out !”

Miss MOORE — “Only *one* person in this room can speak at a time . . .”

Miss CROOK — “What is *your* opinion of this?”

Miss BLANCHARD— “Now I don't want to have to punish anyone, *but* . . .”

Miss BRICKER — “Hustle up, girls, hustle up!”

ZOF SOUTHAM,
VI Form.

THE BAZAAR

It is the morning of October twenty-fifth, and an expectant feeling pervades the whole school. All the girls seem pre-occupied, and find it hard to pay attention to their lessons. Instead of dreading French tests, as is usual, everyone seems extremely anxious to enter the French room, for there are so many interesting articles there. Boxes and cartons line the walls, and the desks are piled high with toys and babies' clothes; it is easy to steer Madame clear of the subject of French tests by mentioning the word "bazaar".

Finally the morning comes to an end, however, though for many in the Upper School it is a much longer morning than usual. After desks and chairs have been rearranged, tables set, and boxes have been carried down to the hall, luncheon intrudes, and the school is practically empty for a short time.

Soon it is buzzing and busy again, and no new arrival has any difficulty in finding something to do. Upstairs in the new room the lucky few who are judging the cake and cookie competitions sample the entries while the others crowd enviously around. In the rooms where tea is to be served, the tea-tables look very dainty with their white table-cloths and little tea services.

Downstairs the book room is almost ready for its usual inrush of customers, while in the Geography room and the hall handicrafts, stitched and knitted articles are being hastily arranged on the tables. The felt pencil-cases with the Study's emblem, the trillium, catch everyone's attention, for we anticipate correctly their rapid sale. Also in the Geography room are the White Elephants, with articles ranging from a doll's house to an old-fashioned egg dish, shaped like a hen.

On the top floor the middle school tea is already partially established, while over in the lower school those in charge of the fish-pond are trying to make room for the usual hectic crowds of children, and in another room the chairs are all set in readiness for the movies.

Finally everything is ready, and sometime after three o'clock the parents begin to arrive. They little know how numerous and frantic are the preparations for the sale although as usual the articles are many, and of even superior quality than has been customary in the past.

Through the wonderful work of the staff and the sixth form, who were hampered this year by the loss of many artistic girls who had contributed a great many handicrafts to previous sales, we were even more successful than usual. We made more than a thousand dollars; enough to send an occupational therapist to the children's tuberculosis ward of the Alexandra Hospital for a year, as well as buying some "Baby-Tenda" tables for the younger children. Truly this year's bazaar was a great success, and I think that we should all miss them if we were to stop having bazaars, for, although we grumble about them at times, I think that we all really enjoy them very much.

BRYDON MCCARTHY,
Middle Five.



FIRST BASKET BALL TEAM

Efa Heward, Mary Stavert, Gerda Thomas, Judy Thomas, Gayle Calder, Dorothy Johnson.



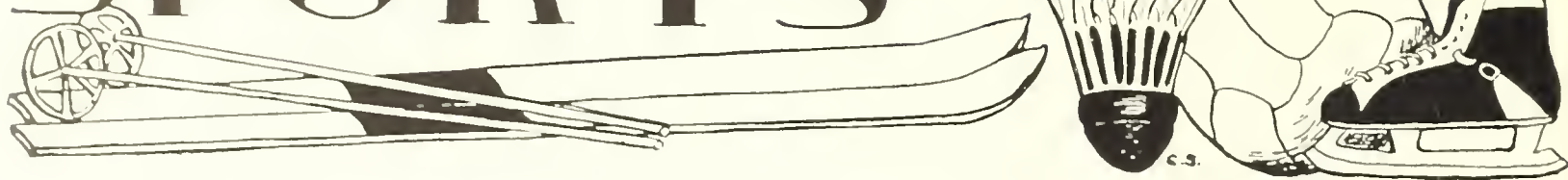
SECOND BASKET BALL TEAM

Standing (left to right):—Joan Evans, Zoe Southam, Faith Heward, Virginia Govier, Elizabeth Vale, Cynthia Baird, Joan Kimber.

Sitting (left to right):—Mary Bogert, Mary McEachran, Camilla Porteous.

Left to right:—Efa Heward, Mary Stavert, Gerda Thomas, Judy Thomas, Gayle Calder,

SPORTS



INTER-SCHOOL BASKETBALL

This year, for the third time in succession, our First Team has won the Private School Basketball Cup. The contest was close. The Study and Trafalgar at the end of the season tied for first place, consequently a play-off was arranged and in a game which was more even the scoring of 24—6 would indicate, the Study finally won.

Although our First Team could outplay Trafalgar, our Second Team was not quite equal to theirs! However determination and spirit gained them second place.

The School does not always realize that spectators and applause are greatly appreciated by the players, and the turn-out is not always as large as it might be. We would like, however, to thank the loyal members of the Staff and the big majority of the Middle School who attended the games faithfully.

The Teams were as follows:—

FIRST TEAM

Right Forward— Mary Stavert, Faith Heward
Left Forward— Dorothy Johnson
Centre — Efa Heward (capt.)
Side center — Gerda Thomas
Right Guard — Gayle Calder
Left Guard — Judy Thomas
Substitutes — Mary Bogert, Mary McEachran, Camilla Porteous.

SECOND TEAM

Elizabeth Vale
Cynthia Baird
Joan Kimber
Virginia Govier (capt.)
Joan Evans
Zoe Southam

GAMES

FIRST TEAM

Nov. 1—Study 42, Miss Edgar's 8, (vict.)
Nov. 14—Study 23, Trafalgar 21, (vict.)
Nov. 30—Study 29, Weston 4, (vict.)
Jan. 23—Trafalgar 29, Study 28, (defeat)
Feb. 8—Study 63, Weston 6, (vict.)
Feb. 13—Study 42, Miss Edgar's 4, (vict.)

SECOND TEAM

Study 10, Miss Edgar's 6, (vict.)
Trafalgar 16, Study 5, (defeat)
Study 19, Weston 17, (vict.)
Trafalgar 17, Study 10, (defeat)
Study 19, Weston 10, (vict.)
Study 27, Miss Edgar's 4, (vict.)

The score of the Play-off games was:— The Study 24, Trafalgar 6.

INTER HOUSE BASKETBALL

Delta Beta defeated Beta Lambda 43—14, while Kappa Rho defeated Mu Gamma, 28—13. In the finals, which was close all the way, Kappa Rho was the victor, defeating Delta Beta 22—16, giving Kappa Rho 25 points towards the Sports Cup, which was won last year by Delta Beta.

The Old Girls basketball game was played again this year, with all the usual amount of vigour. The present girls defeated the Old Girls 27—17.

SPORTS DAY 1949

We are hoping that this years sports day will be as good as, and even better than, last year's sports day. Last year in the Upper School, Gerda Thomas and Efa Heward were the stars of the day; in the Fourth Forms, Faith Heward and Cynthia Molson, and in the Third Forms, Elizabeth Hague and Phoebe Redpath. Delta Beta came out on top followed by Mu Gamma, Beta Lambda and Kappa Rho.

SWIMMING

Inter-School Meet.

Miss Edgar's and The Study were the only schools that entered this meet. The Study senior team defeated Miss Edgar's, while Miss Edgar's junior team defeated ours. Pat Burns of The Study won two races, namely the Free Style and the Back Stroke. Efa Heward won the Breast Stroke and the Diving. The Study also won the Relay Race. Susan Cushing and Gail Gnaedinger placed in the juniors. In total points, Miss Edgar's took the meet with 51— points to our 43—.

Inter-House Meet.

In the Upper School Virginia Frosst and Pat Burns were the stars of the meet. In the Fourths Judy Mather and Sally Parsons were the stars, and in the Thirds Diana Hamilton and Judy Darling. Delta Beta and Mu Gamma were closely matched, and the former managed to take honours when they edged Mu Gamma out by 2 points.

SKIING

This year Jill McConnell, Beverley Mellen, Efa Heward and Brydon McCarthy set out for St. Sauveur to compete in the inter-school ski meet. We were unable to find two other ski-ers for the slalom and downhill races to complete our team. Trafalgar won the meet, and the Study placed third. Jill McConnell and Beverley Mellen, who have been doing some zone racing, have been promoted to the Junior B rank, and we wish them the best of luck next year, when they will be competing against skilled racers.

TENNIS

Inter-School.

The Senior team was composed of Efa Heward and Dorothy McIntosh, and the Junior of Jill McConnell and Dorothy Johnson. However both teams bowed out to Trafalgar, who outplayed every school.

Inter-House.

The inter-house matches are usually played in the autumn but on account of poor weather and the eagerness to start basketball, we postponed them until the spring. It is expected that Delta Beta and Mu Gamma will battle for first place.

Another year has come and gone only too quickly and the members of the Games Club can look back upon it with pleasure and with gratitude to Miss Moore for their progress in the many different sports at school.

OLD GIRLS MARRIAGES

Joan Gilmour to David Carling.
Isabel McGill to Peter Cameron.
Barbara Hawkes to William Krogel.
Isobel Chapman to Ralph Whittal.
Dorothy Downes to Patrick Wickham.
Pamela Ponder to Eric Hyde.
Alice Patch to Fred Swift.

Barbara Walker to Stanley Haggart.
Virginia Walbank to Loren Fritz.
Angela Mackenzie to Colin Ferguson.
Louise Marler to N. G. Kirkland.
Sheila Ramsay to Douglas Bourke.
Cynthia Sassoon to Anthony Abrahams.
Cynthia Plant to David Floyes.

ENGAGEMENTS

Dorothy Walter to Melvin Simpson.
Gwen Marler to Rupert Harris.

Margot McDougall to Albert Cloutier.
Pat Brophy to Jim Prendergast.

BIRTHS

To Mr. & Mrs. David Murphy (Beatrice Norsworthy), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs. G. Goddard (Elizabeth Macdonald), a son.
To Dr. & Mrs. Jack Bates (Pauline Little), a daughter.
To Dr. & Mrs. Harvey Beardmore (Frances Barnes), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Leigh-Smith (Bernice Anderson), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs. Donald Mackenzie (Elizabeth Hodge), a son.
To Dr. & Mrs. Tanton (Philippa Jane Hutchins), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs. George Gault (Jocelyn Pangman), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs. Peter Pine (Helen Malcolm), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs. Thor Rhodin (Elspeth Lindsay), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs. William Chester (Priscilla Penfield), a daughter.
To Mr. & Mrs. B. G. Miller (Joan Clarkson), a son.
To Mr. & Mrs. John M. Gardner (Barbara Jellett), a son.

AUDREY BOVEY,
CLAIRE KERRIGAN.



With the number of Old Girls growing rapidly it is impossible to mention each one individually. In order to include as many names as possible, we have resorted to lists of the more popular "occupations". (Matrimony as always seems a popular one!)

As usual many of us are striving for our degrees at Old McGill.

Graduating (we hope) are:—

Shirley McCall	Elizabeth Parkin	Margaret Little
Elizabeth McLennan	Rosina McCarthy	Mary Robertson.

Others who have a year or more to go are:—

Frances Hodge	Martha Fisher	Eleanor Lindsay
Ann Bushell	Pamela Smart	Elizabeth Burgess
June Marler	Jane McCarthy	Elizabeth Marshall
Sylvia Ponder	Frances Currie	Claire Fitzgerald
Pat Carson	Mary Anne Currie	Kathryn Mason
Prudence Lobley	Marjorie Root	Joanna McLeod
Jane Ramsay	Mary Horne	Marigold Savage
Estelle Holland	Patsy MacDermot.	

Mary Fisher is about to write her first year exams in medicine after winning a scholarship into that faculty.

Grace Raymond, Lucy Hodgson, Mary Hugessen and Nancy Bignell are all studying in the States. Eve Osler is teaching in Baltimore while Gwen Marler has been a school marm here in Montreal.

Mary Hugessen who is at Wellesley has this year won the honour of becoming a Senior Wellesley College Scholar.

Our art students include Shirley Wales at the Beaux Arts and Jill Crossen at the Boston Art School.

Audrey McDermot has had a portrait hung in the Spring Exhibition here at the Art Gallery.

Gail Cottingham, Madeleine Stevens and one of the MacLean twins have been lending their energies to the Red Cross.

Some of our career women are as follows:—

Barbara Miller is in merchandising at Eaton's.

Rosemary Grier and Hilda Thernhill are respectively in the dress and hat departments at Morgan's.

Sheila Mappin strangely enough is at Mappin's.

Sydney Fisher is working in the C.I.L. nylon plant in Kingston.

Audrey Bovey works with the economic adviser of the Bank of Montreal.

Joan Gilmour Carling, Lorna Brown and Ruth Noble are with the Bell Telephone Co.

Janet Shaw is, we think, the only Old Girl practising as an architect.

Margery Nelson has returned from her External Affairs posting in Brazil and is now on her way to a post in Germany.

Katherine Mackenzie is doing hospital work in Boston, and Pat Carlisle in Detroit.

Mary Lee Putnam is busy at the Allan Memorial Hospital.

Louise Macfarlane, Miriam Tees and Joan Shaw are all in England for an indefinite length of time while Barbara Jellett Gardner and her husband are spending a year in Geneva.

The S.O.G.A. may well be proud of its representation on the Junior League Executive. Barbara Whiteley is the new President, Betty Kemp Maxwell the 1st Vice-President and Mary Fowler the Treasurer. As usual many other Old Girls are active in all phases of Junior League work.

